

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

NOV.

10¢

NO. 22

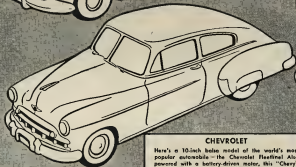
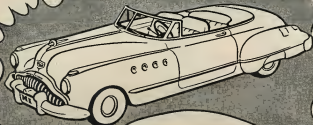


IN THIS ISSUE: ***THE LAMPS OF REVENGE!***

HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



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Here's a 10-inch Buick model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chery" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Pawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

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FOR EVERYONE



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Cap Pistol pulls smoke at each shot. Leather Holster & belt. Sell one order.



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Glowing simulated pearls. A 3-strand necklace with matching earrings. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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Ideal for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 75c.



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A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap and buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.

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Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get fine prizes like these. Most prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Price Book are GIVEN WITH-OUT A CENT OF COST for selling one order of 45 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the prizes require extra money as stated.

It's easy to sell these pretty Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each Pack contains 48 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—all for 10c! When sold send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Price Book, or take 1/3 cash commission. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can too!

Mail the coupon TODAY for Xmas Packs and that Big Price Book that shows 75 exciting prizes to choose from.

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MANY MORE PRIZES
See them in the Big Price Book

Packs: Watch, Football, Game, Ubbie, Table Tennis, Movie, Property, Skates, Flash Camera, Tridone Pen, Girl's Purse

Our 33rd Year

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

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Name _____

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on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRY HAYES WESTERN
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President

Lash LARUE
and **The MAN in the GREEN HAT**

LARADO DEPOT

THERE HE GOES, LASH, THE MAN IN THE GREEN HAT!

BUT, CHIEF, WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'S THE DOPE SMUGGLER?

BECAUSE THE LAST TIME HE MADE THIS TRIP, THE MARSHAL IN THE NEXT TOWN SAW HIM GETTING OFF THE TRAIN WITH A PACKAGE OF DOPE!

HOW DID HE KNOW IT WAS DOPE IN THE PACKAGE?

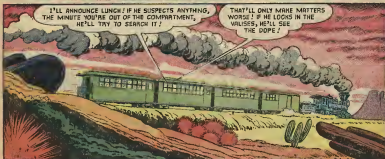
BECAUSE HE BUMPED INTO THE MAN WITH THE GREEN HAT AND THE PACKAGE RIPPED AS IT FELL!

WELL, IF THE MARSHAL SAW THERE WAS DOPE IN THE PACKAGE, WHY DIDN'T HE ARREST THE VARMINT?

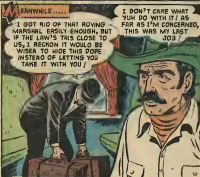
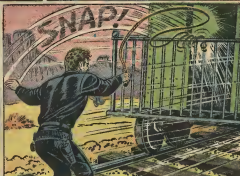
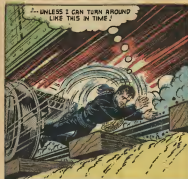
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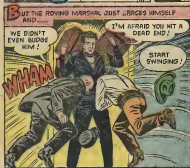












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IRON

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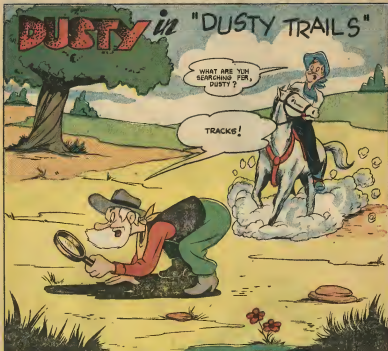
BROTHER, THAT SPELLS
PLENTY OF WHEAT
POWER TO ME!



WHEATIES

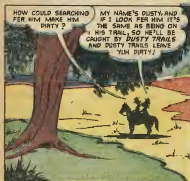
*Breakfast of
Champions*

DUSTY in "DUSTY TRAILS"









MIDNIGHT MURDER

By Walter Farmer



THEY BURIED Quick-Shot Blake with the customary ceremony, which was not very much ceremony at all. The parson said a few words and they lowered the plain pine box and that was all. No tears were shed. One spectator at the funeral frowned. His handle was "Target Twigs."

One grave digger, a large muscular fellow called 'Beefy' Jones, stepped up to Target Twigs and said, "Well, Target, I reckon it's a relief to you that Quick-Shot is buried!"

Target looked at Beefy for a moment without saying anything. Then he lashed at Beefy with his right fist. Beefy knew about fighting. He moved his head ever so slightly and let the right ride past. Beefy planted a left in Target's mid-section and when the man doubled up, followed with a right to the jaw. Target sprawled on the ground. Beefy stood, spraddle-legged above him. Beefy had his fists ready, but Target Twigs seemed too groggy.

In contempt, Beefy turned his back on Target and started to walk away. He didn't see the fallen man's hand moving toward his holster. Target drew the six-gun slowly.

"No you don't!" cried a commanding voice, and Sheriff Mark Mantle leaped to jab his boot down firmly on Target's gun hand. The weapon fell from the stinging fingers. Hearing the outcry, Beefy turned. "Shooting a man in the back is about your speed, Target!" he sneered.

Target's face was sullen, his mouth set. He made no reply. The Sheriff picked up Target's gun and ordered, "Get up. I'll hold this till you can cool off a mite." Target rose slowly. The little group around the grave dispersed at the lawman's suggestion. "Let's all move along, folks. It's not fitten to quarrel around a grave-side."

"Take a chair, Target," said Sheriff Mark Mantle. It was an invitation and an order at the same time. Target Twigs sat in the curved-armed wooden chair opposite the sheriff's desk.

The lawman had laid Target's gun on the desk before himself. His grey, thoughtful eyes regarded Target as if to probe into the latter's brain.

"'Twould have been kind of a dumb play to shoot Beefy in the back, right there in front of witnesses," drawled the lawman. "'Twould have been as good as putting your neck in a noose."

"Mark, you seem to be the only one that saw me taking my gun out of the leather. Did I draw fast or slow?"

"Slow. Very slow."

"Well, that means I didn't aim to shoot anybody," declared Target. "I was taking that gun out to avoid temptation. I was going to lay it on the ground and go after Beefy with my fists. I didn't want any weapon right then. I was so all-fired mad I didn't want to risk temptation."

The Sheriff pulled at his chin thoughtfully, then said, "I reckon you felt he insulted you."

"Sure he did. Sure he did!" responded Target. When he said he reckoned it was a relief to me to have Quick-Shot buried. That was plumb insulting."

Mark Mantle nodded. "It was. It was a downright insult. I reckon you claim you did not kill Quick-Shot?"

"That's exactly what I claim," declared Target Twigs.

Target had gotten his nickname from long hours of shooting practise. A year ago when he had first blown into town from the east, he had been a rank novice with a pistol. He had not even owned one. The natives had assured him that a man without a gun was practically undressed. His new friends had warned him that unless he was able to defend himself, he wouldn't live long. So Target had bought a gun and enough ammunition to supply a regiment. Hour after hour he had practised. At first he literally had trouble hitting the side of a barn, but eventually he got so he could flip a half

dollar in the air and zip a hole through it.

Came the town's annual marksmanship contest which had been won for the past five years by the much-feared-and-respected gunslinger, Quick-Shot. Quick-Shot was good as usual. He got 99 bulls-eyes out of 100. But Target Twigs hit one hundred out of one hundred.

Infuriated, Quick-Shot issued a challenge. He gave Target twenty four hours to get out of town. "If you're still here at this time tomorrow, we'll just see who's the better shot when a human heart is the target!" Quick-Shot had growled. There was no doubting he meant business. But the great duel never materialized. That very night, sometime after midnight, Quick-Shot was laid low in Main Street with a slug through his back.

Nobody had been present at the time except killer and victim. No witnesses. The sniper's identity was a dark and mystifying secret.

"It's going to be a tough murder to solve, if it ever is solved," Sheriff Mark Mantle had mused. "Quick-Shot had so many enemies you could find a hundred suspects with grudges against him. And the rest of the people think the town's better off without him. If anybody's got any clues, they're keeping mum. Nobody will help me."

"Yes somebody will—I will!" declared Target. "I've got to find the murderer or everybody will go along thinking it was me—and I'll be branded as a coward and a dry gulcher!"

"I wish us both luck," drawled the sheriff, "but the trail is real cold. Nobody saw anything. Why, nobody will even admit hearing the shot—except a drummer who's staying at the Longhorn Hotel. And he must be loco—claims he heard two shots!"

"Two shots!" exclaimed Target, excitedly. "Mark! Maybe he's not loco! Maybe there were two shots! How many slugs were in the body?"

"Only one. What are you driving at?"

"Listen!" yelled Target, bouncing out of his chair. "If there were two shots, that means the first one missed. And that let's me out. You know me, sheriff. I wouldn't miss! Let's go

look for that other slug!"

The lawman accompanied Target to the scene of the crime. Quick-Shot had been sauntering past the livery stable when he was murdered. Target eagerly examined the wooden outside wall of the stable. About two feet up from the sidewalk he found what he was seeking: a bullet hole in the wood. With his knife he extracted the flattened lead and held it for the lawman to examine. "This sure proves there were two shots," agreed the lawman, "but where does it get us? That slug is so mashed up we couldn't even tell whose gun it came out of!"

"You're right, but the killer doesn't know that. And I've got a hunch. Will you let me play out my hand, Mark? You don't even have to enter the picture unless I hit the jackpot."

Target found Beefy alone in his room. The latter snatched up a gun and held it on Target, the latter raising his hands. "I don't want to take any chances of you killing me like you killed Quick-Shot," sneered Beefy.

"You killed Quick-Shot," retorted Target Twigs. "I suspected you when you started trying too hard to throw suspicion on me. You're the only hombre around here with such a bad aim you'd have to have two shots to bring down a man, shooting from a rooftop across the street."

"You can't prove it," snarled Beefy.

"But I can! I've got the bullet that missed. And it came out of your gun!"

"ALL right, wise guy. I did do it. I killed him. But you'll never prove anything because you'll be dead too!" Beefy's gun blazed. The door kicked open and Sheriff Mark Mantle blasted the gun from Beefy's hand with one shot. "I heard the confession! It's jail for you, Beefy. Are you okay, Target?"

"Sure," said Target, scrambling up from the floor. "I never was in any real danger. Beefy's the worst shot in the west."

THE END

Lash LARUE

and The LAMPS of REVENGE

SOMEONE MUST BE JOKING! THIS NOTE SAYS, NO ONE BELIEVES IN FAIRIES ANY MORE, SO I HAVE BEEN SENT DOWN FROM FAIRYLAND TO PROVE WE DO EXIST! KEEP THIS MAGIC LAMP BURNING ALL NIGHT AND IN THE MORNING, YOU'LL BE GRANTED THREE WISHES!

BOOM!

LASH LARUE, the Roving Marshal, wouldn't think it was a joke if he could see what happened to the others who received similar notes! The magic lamp is nothing more than a lamp of revenge and life is held steady in the fiendish mind of the twister!

AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY.....

YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME FOR BEING A HIGHWAYMAN, MYLES! NOW THAT YOU'RE BEING SET FREE AGAIN, I HOPE YOU WILL FIND SOME HONEST WORK!

IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO TAKE THESE LAMPS I BUILT IN THE PRISON WORK-SHOP ALONG WITH ME, WARDEN, IT'LL SET ME OFF ON THE RIGHT PATH!

OF COURSE YOU CAN TAKE THEM, MYLES! WHAT ARE YOU AIMING TO BECOME-- A LAMP SALESMAN?

THAT'S IT, EXACTLY, WARDEN!





AND IF YUH'D TAKE ONE OF THESE LAMPS WITH YUH WHEN YUH GO HOME AND KEEP IT BURNING ALL NIGHT IN YORE ROOM, I'D CONSIDER IT A LUCKY OMEN!

IF YOU THINK IT WILL BRING YOU LUCK, I'LL DO IT!



GOODBYE, MYLES... AND REMEMBER, THE ONLY ROAD TO TRAVEL ON IS THE HONEST ROAD!

I'M NOT AIMING TO TRAVEL ON ANY ROAD! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING ON MY MIND... REVENGE! I AIM TO GET EVEN WITH THE THREE PEOPLE WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BEING BEHIND BARS!



AND THE FIRST ONE IS THE WARDEN WHO KEPT ME FROM ESCAPING! I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT I KNOW THAT LAMP WILL BRING ME LUCK BY BRINGING HIS DEATH!



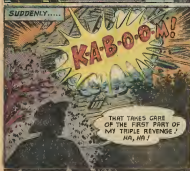
THAT NIGHT....

NOW TO GET SOME SLEEP! MYLES WOULD NEVER KNOW WHETHER I KEPT HIS LAMP BURNING OR NOT, BUT SINCE I SAID I WOULD, I'LL KEEP MY WORD!



BUT MYLES WOULD KNOW!

HE KEPT HIS WORD-- THE FOOL -- HE'S GOT THE LAMP BURNING!



SUDDENLY....

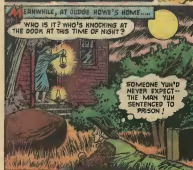
KAB-OOM!

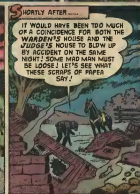
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FIRST PART OF MY TRIPLE REVENGE! HA, HA!



THE SOUND CARRIES THROUGH THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT AND INTO THE HILLS WHERE THE ROYAL MARSHAL, LASH LARUE, HAD MADE CAMP ON HIS WAY BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

THAT SOUNDED JUST LIKE AN EXPLOSION, RUSH! LET'S HIT THE TRAIL! SOMEONE MAY NEED HELP!





SAY, THIS NOTE HAS SOME OF THE WORDS IN IT THAT I FOUND ON THE SCRAPS OF PAPER AT THE JUDGE'S HOUSE --- FAIRYLAND, MAGIC AND WISHES / I WONDER IF THAT LAMP HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON!?



No one believes in fairies any more, so I have been sent down from fairyland to prove we do exist! I say this magic lamp burning next to you all night and in the morning, you'll be given three wishes!

WHEN IT'S BURNING, IT COULD BE A SIGNAL TO THE KILLER THAT HIS VICTIM IS HOME AND THAT IT'S TIME TO BLOW UP THE PLACE! WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT AND THAT'S TO LIGHT THE LAMP!



LARUE UT THE LAMP! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF MINUTES BEFORE HE BLOWS HIMSELF UP! NEITHER HE, THE JUDGE, NOR THE WARDEN REALIZED THAT I FILLED THE BASE OF THE LAMP WITH NITROGLYCERIN INSTEAD OF KEROSENE! HA, HA!



SO FAR, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED! BUT THERE'S ONE THING I LEARNED BEING A MARSHAL, PATIENCE! I CAN WAIT!



I JUST THOUGHT IF THE KILLER DOES RETURN, I COULD SEE HIM BETTER FROM OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING!



SUDDENLY...



YIPES! ANOTHER SECOND AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN BURIED IN THERE! THE LAMP MUST HAVE HAD THE EXPLOSIVE IN IT!

AT THE SAME TIME.....



MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE! I'LL JUST MAKE SURE LARUE IS DEAD AND THEN I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEARS.....



LARUE! BUT YUH COULDN'T BE ALIVE!

OF COURSE I'M ALIVE! THE FAIRIES TOOK CARE OF ME!



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ANIMALS**

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MAGAZINE



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CHARACTERS!

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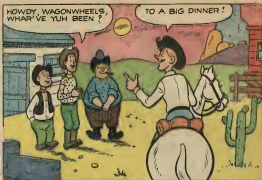
WAGONWHEELS

---A FANFARE!



HOWDY, WAGONWHEELS,
WHAR'VE YUH BEEN?

TO A BIG DINNER!



TO A
BIG
DINNER?

YUP, BOY, WHAT
A SPREAD IT WAS!
THEY HAD EVERY-
THING!



WHAT DID
THEY SERVE
FER
DESSERT?

TEA AND
TRUMPETS!



TSK, TSK, YUH SHORE ARE
STUPID! YUH DON'T MEAN
TRUMPETS... YUH MEAN
CRUMPETS!

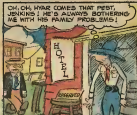


NO, I DON'T! I
MEAN TRUMPETS

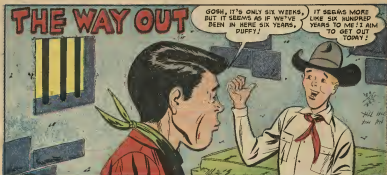


--- THIS WAS A BIG
BLOWOUT! HA, HA!





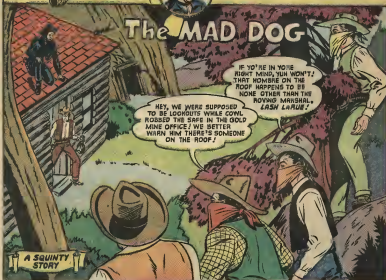
THE WAY OUT





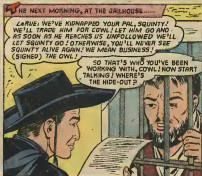
"Lash" LARUE

The MAD DOG

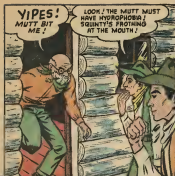


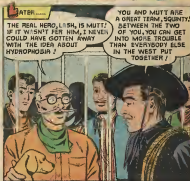
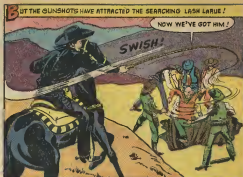




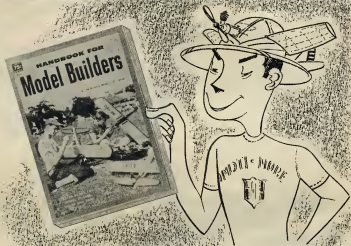








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COMPLETE
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